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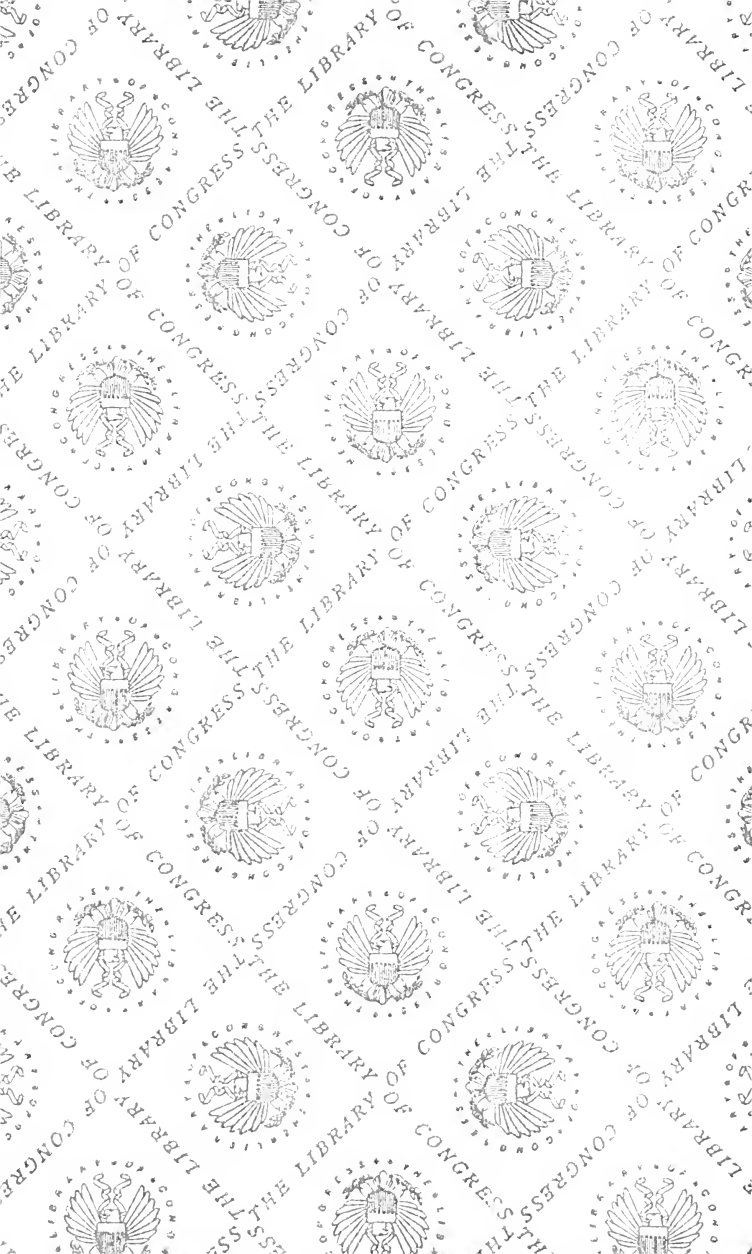
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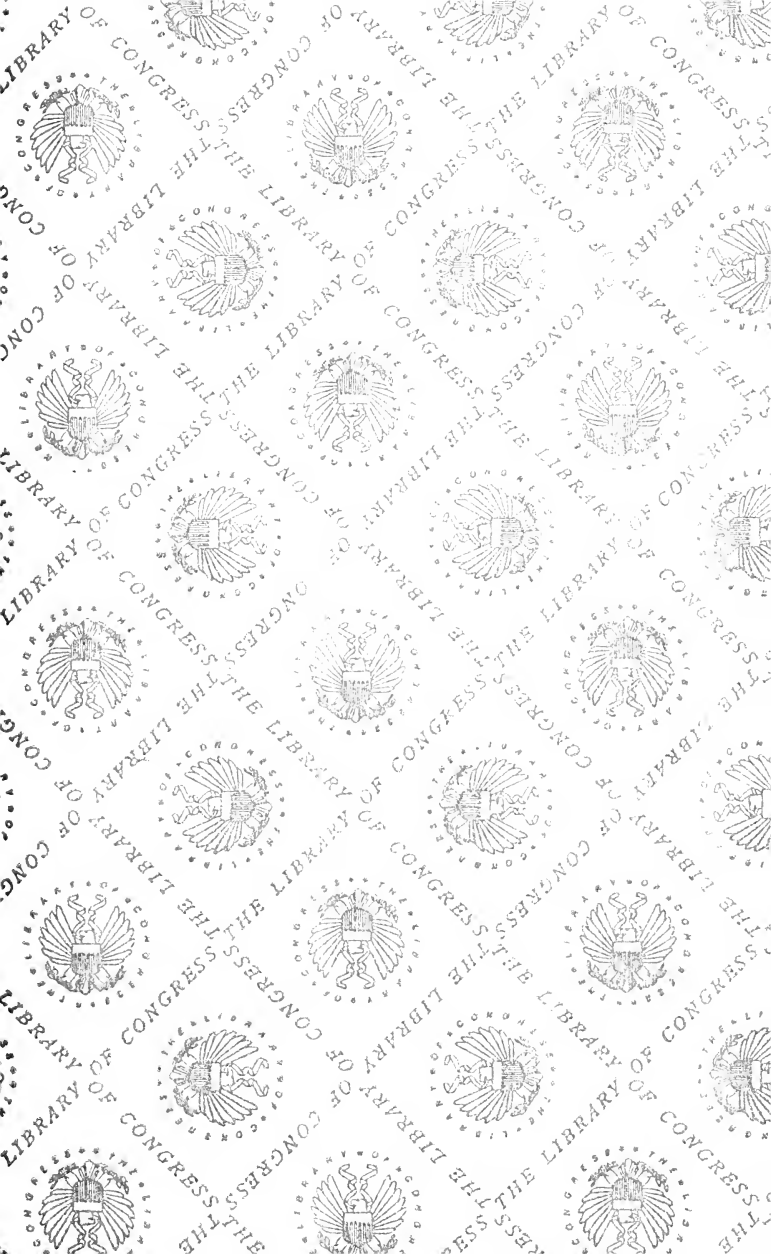
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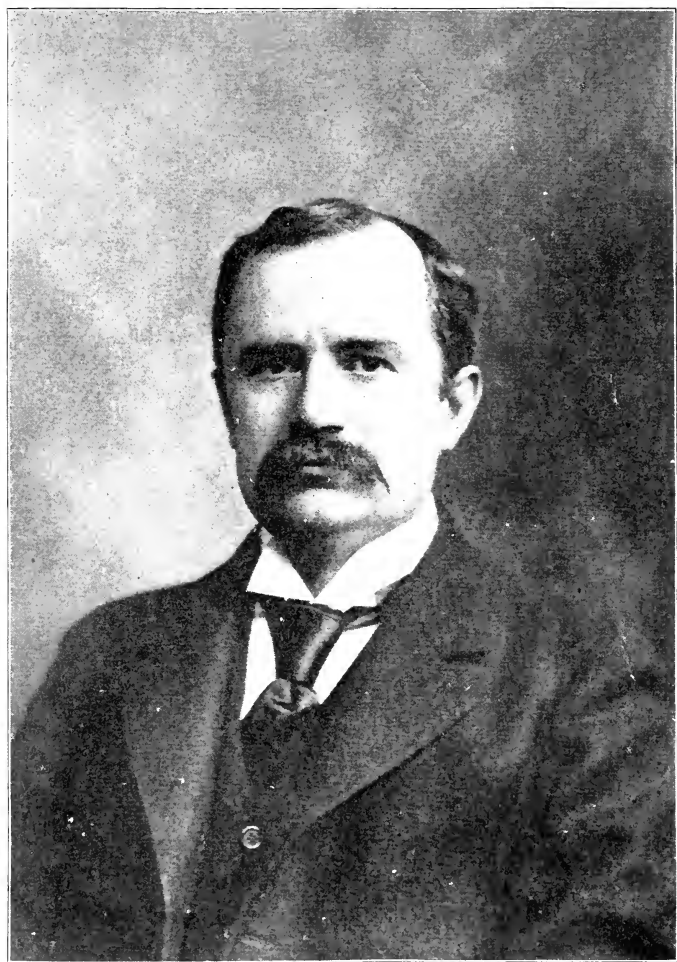
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# Songs of Life and Love

By  
Washington Van Dusen

23



Philadelphia  
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1899

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DEDICATED  
TO  
CARL WEBER,  
ARTIST,

BY HIS FRIEND AND FORMER  
PUPIL

THE AUTHOR.

**A** SMALL edition of poems entitled “Immortelles and Other Poems” was printed in 1890, and circulated mainly among my friends. These are included in the present booklet, together with a number now published for the first time.

THE AUTHOR.

PHILADELPHIA, March 3, 1899.

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## REJOICE WITH ME.

REJOICE with me by life's illimitable sea,  
That there are depths that ne'er can fathomed  
be !

Soft music charms its dreamy, ideal shore ;  
Sweet visions come and go for evermore.

Here could we breathe with joy our lives away ;  
Each day a promise of a happier day,  
But Earth destroys our dreams and fancies  
fond,  
And leaves our Heaven evermore beyond.

So, like a child, lured on by glorious skies,  
Our fair horizon leads us as it flies,  
To learn the vastness of this greater sea,  
Its unfathomed and unfathomable mystery !

O finite soul with infinite visions blessed,  
Thy life is grander than ever seer expressed ;  
E'er may thy thought o'er this vast ocean soar,  
Nor weary pinions find a restful shore !

Rejoice with me, O man, that hope is thine ;  
That noble discontent is still divine ;  
That, spite of ills, of sorrow, want, and care,  
Love lives, and Love makes life forever fair !

---

### THE HUMAN FACE DIVINE.

How like an ancient temple overthrown,  
Its fires gone out, its columns all supine,  
Is that once fair, divinely tender face,  
Wherein the gods no longer own a shrine !

Fair captive in a glorious ruin bound,  
How soon the world thy matchless beauty  
sears !

How soon Desire turns nobler Thought away,  
And Truth's pure fire grows colder with the  
years !

## SPARE ME ONE IDOL.

BREAK every image dear to my heart,  
Friendship forsake me, fortune depart;  
Spare me one idol ne'er to grow cold,  
Heaven will smile on me just as of old.

Leave me one loving heart tender and pure;  
Leave me one sweetest dream aye to endure;  
Mar not my vision with your cold eyes;  
Leave me enwrapt with my roseate skies!

Time, let thy dear enchantment still grow,  
Break not the spell that Love can but know;  
Whisper no fault where heaven doth seem,  
Let my heart rest in its beautiful dream.

---

## THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

I DREAMT I walked Love's sacred court,  
Fair Love without a peer,  
And humbly kneeling at her shrine,  
Besought her presence dear.

The curtains parted gently  
And a sweet voice greeted mine,  
But her look was only earthly,  
And I longed for the divine!

I turned aside and prayed again  
That Love would bless me there;  
Another came beside me soon  
In answer to my prayer;

But she loved Wisdom more than me,  
And, though surpassing fair,  
Her cold gaze had no charm for me;  
I left her in despair!

O Love, send not thy maidens fair,  
But come thyself to still  
The craving heart that longs for thee,  
Which thou alone canst fill!

Love heard my yearning, passionate cry,  
And in her queenly way  
She came, like Truth from heaven, divine,  
And I—was only clay!



## THE HEIGHTS.

WHILE many linger in the lonely vale,  
Content with charms that greet each passer-  
by,  
A few adventurous youth march forth to scale  
The far-off peaks that raise their heads on  
high,—  
Those towering heights that beckon eager eyes  
To grander outlooks and to boundless skies.

Bright glows the sun upon those crests sublime,  
And, like a garden, smiles the vale below,  
As they press on in youth's glad, fervid prime,  
With pulse afire and faces all aglow;  
Whilst Beauty charms the hazy path in view,  
And Hope throws on the mist its rainbow hue,

What though the pine-trees veil the skies in  
gloom,  
Dim grow the way, or barriers sternly bar?  
Ever and anon the distant mountains loom  
Supremely fair, and beckon from afar!

From morn till eve their towering summits  
thrill !

From morn till eve they tower above them  
still !

Once on the charmed path, nor toil nor care  
Can turn their eager feet from heights sublime ;

Their rapt eyes see the rugged road grow fair  
Before them, leading upward as they climb,  
And far beyond—a crown o'er crests that  
swell—

The highest glows, lone and inaccessible !

Dim grows the vale, and in the waning light  
They leave the travelled past, so lingered  
o'er,

To view from thrilling outlooks on the height  
The hazy, boundless prospect spread before ;  
Where earth and heaven softly blend and close,  
And this finite breathes that infinite's repose.

The sinking sun floods o'er the golden west,  
And flames upon the snow-capped mount  
they scale ;

The twilight deepens on the purpling crest,  
And darker grows the overshadowed vale;  
The weary halt, and gaze with yearning eyes,  
Where hope still points beyond the fading skies.

Lead on, resplendent Vision! Not in vain  
The one sweet dream whose beauty never dies,  
Like a mirage comes o'er life's burning plain,  
Raising heavenward the traveller's drooping  
eyes;  
And luring towards that dim, ideal shore  
Whose margin beckons onward evermore.

---

## HOPE WHILE BEAUTY LIVES.

I HAVE known full many a sorrow,  
I have felt full many a care,  
But still with hope look for the morrow,  
And find the world forever fair.

The darkest night still has its morn;  
Some star holds out to grim despair;  
A little patience, heart forlorn;  
The sunrise comes and all is fair.

E'en though a friend has seared my heart,  
Love left a darkened world to view ;  
Give me the faith to bear death's dart,  
And Hope lives on, and Beauty too.

Some vaster plan than ours to know,  
Still draws us onward evermore ;  
Urged by eternal hope we go  
Towards some unseen, ideal shore.

Then fade sweet day, thy glories gone,  
Our stars in heaven will reappear ;  
Eternal Beauty leads us on  
And Heaven smiles while Beauty's here.

---

### HEAVEN IS NEAR US.

CLOSE on the border of your actual life,  
O dreamer, dwells your paradise of dreams !  
There, vague and dim, it glows with beauty  
rife,—  
Your heaven is near, and yet so far it  
seems !

When Buddha, Jesus, Shakespeare, blessed the  
earth,

The crowd passed by, nor knew those spirits  
fine ;

No chronicler took record of their birth,

No sculptor paused to carve those forms  
divine.

Perchance some angel fair will visit thee,

And thou, unconscious of the boon she brings,  
Wilt never know how sweet her song might be,  
Till, all too late, your vision takes its wings !

Perchance of fairer lands, skies more serene,

We dream, dumb to the glory round us  
thrown ;

The while our golden sun goes down unseen,

In all the splendor time has ever known !

So long we've dwelt in old familiar ways ;

So wrapt in glory since our life begun ;

Our eyes grow dim, like stars whose feeble  
rays

Are lost in the blaze of an ascending sun.

## LITTLE ELAINE.

SHE came across our lonely life,  
And while we looked the clouds were gone ;  
A little frail and fading flower,  
She shed her fragrance and passed on !

Too young to feel a touch of guile,  
She gave her heart to one and all ;  
Like rain from heaven her welcome smile  
Blessed all alike, or great or small.

She bloomed with more than earthly grace,  
A bloom that fades with riper years ;  
A light that shines in grander force,  
Once seen through unavailing tears.

She lingered like the Autumn leaves  
Whose gold shines on through ominous days,  
And like the setting sun went down,  
To shine, a star beyond our gaze.

## OUTWARD BOUND.

I STEP aboard at last, and turn  
The crowded pier to view ;  
The great ship throbs from stem to stern,—  
My heart throbs strangely too ;

For one fair form my sight enthralls  
On that receding pier,  
And one sweet voice like music falls,—  
The last “good-by” I hear.

And still I gaze with lingering eyes  
On shores that kindly gleam,  
And still the hurrying steamer plies  
Adown the sparkling stream.

The clustered spires, the marts that Time  
And endless traffic raise,—  
The motley ships of every clime  
Fade slowly in the haze.

And so I turn with pensive eyes  
To gaze before the prow ;  
I leave the past its fading skies,—  
The future leads me now.

Sail on, good ship ; thy course is set :  
Behold the broader way,  
And leave the past its vain regret,  
In the fulness of to-day !

---

## IN THE HARBOR.

GONE is the tempest, hushed are the billows,  
Lulled to a whisper the hurricane's blast ;  
Fair looms the shore and calm grow the waters,  
Smiling on dangers the good ship has passed,  
As we glide into the harbor at last.

Fair looms the shore, and fairer its waters  
Shine in the after-glow, fading too fast !  
Love, roam no more o'er life's restless ocean !  
We have come to the harbor at last,—  
To the beautiful harbor at last !



## ONLY A DREAM.

I DREAMT that I was loved by you,  
And all my life rose fair to view ;  
A charm on my glad spirit fell,  
My heart beat music to its spell.

But when I woke to greet mine own,  
The vision fled ; I loved alone ;  
My heaven paled with day's bright glare,  
And left me but a world of care !

Only a dream, yet thou wert mine  
For one sweet hour, and life divine !  
Only a dream, yet Heaven did seem  
To smile on me in that sweet dream.

---

## COME IN MY DREAMS AGAIN.

COME in my dreams again,  
Love, as of yore !  
Soft o'er my spirit dwell,  
Weave your enchanting spell  
Round me once more !

Come, oh, come back to me,  
Dear, as of old!  
Come with those melting eyes,  
Glimpses of summer skies,  
Sunshine and gold!

Come in my dreams again,  
Angel of light!  
Come in thy beauty blest,  
Haunting my blissful rest,  
Charming the night.

Come, oh, come back to me,  
If but in dreams!  
Sunned in thy glowing smile,  
Let me, entranced awhile,  
Live in its beams!

Come in my dreams again,  
Love, as of yore!  
Come with that look divine,  
Lift this poor heart of mine  
To heaven once more.

## PERFECT LOVE.

COME to my heart, love ; shorn of woman's  
pride,

Thou art its lord ; the doors are open wide ;  
Let in the light, whate'er the chamber be ;  
No secret there but shall be known to thee.

Take thou my soul, but let me also see  
Thy inner life, and all its mystery ;  
The past that trailed its ermine in the mire,  
The living hope still fed with heavenly fire.

Give all thy heart, that perfect love may be ;  
Withhold from me, my own, no secret key,—  
Then may our lives like two glad waters run,  
Blend in one stream and be forever one.

I am a woman, and my love to me  
Is all my treasure ; all I give to thee,—  
I put my soul in pain, oh, be thou true !  
My yearning heart shall find its heaven in you !

## LOVE IS FAR AWAY.

SHE sits alone by the summer sea,  
Alone amidst the passing throng,—  
The skies are blue, and merrily  
The waves sing their eternal song ;  
The waves sing to the maiden fair,  
While soft winds play with her golden hair,  
For Love is far away !

The sunbeams kiss her golden head,  
For Love is far away, away ;  
“The sea is beautiful,” she said,  
“And pours out music all the day ;  
But ah, to me how sad the strain !  
My heart is filled with desolate pain,  
For Love is far away !”

But sweet the night that brings her rest,  
And sweet her dreams in the moon’s pale rays,  
When Love looks down on her heaving breast  
And the heaven is near for which she prays ;  
The moonbeams play on her golden hair,  
But fade, like her dreams, with dawn and care,  
And Love is far away !

## THE TOUCH OF SORROW.

THE muse sang every song in vain,  
No spell hung on the listless air ;  
The crowd paused not ; the dull refrain  
Woke no responsive echo there.

She dropped her tuneless harp and wept,—  
What charm could reach the heart's strange  
core ?  
Lo, Sorrow came ; the chords she swept  
To thrill the world for evermore !

---

## BY THE SAND DUNES.

HERE let me rest by the gold glinting shore,  
Where I first felt the spell of old Ocean's  
weird lay ;  
Here let me rest till the sunset is o'er,  
And dream, fondly dream of the days passed  
away !

Once my spirits were bright as the billows  
that rolled

With their foaming white crests on the head-  
land near me ;

And the future unrolled with its castles of  
gold,

And Hope leaped its bounds like a storm-  
driven sea !

Here let me rest by the lowly sand hills

Where my childhood was lulled by the  
ocean's wild dirge ;

Here let me dream till her voice again thrills,

And its music is blent with the song of the  
surge.

---

## THE FLOWER OF CHILDHOOD.

To show me how beautiful life could be,

God gave me a flower

To bloom for an hour,

With a beauty I never more shall see !

She came like the fairest from heaven to me ;  
She came like a flower  
To bloom for an hour,  
To show me how beautiful life could be !

---

## LULLABY.

SOFT be thy slumbers,  
Innocence blest ;  
Song's tenderest numbers  
Lull thee to rest !

Sleep on in beauty,  
Loved and caressed ;  
Dear is my duty  
Guarding thy rest.

Sweet incompleteness,  
Life ever fair ;  
Time in thy fleetness,  
Touch her with care !

## IMMORTELLES.

O MODEST flower! recall the grace  
Of one who loved and gathered thee :  
For thou art now the only trace  
That brings her memory back to me.

The immortelles all withered lie  
That once, like snow-flakes, charmed my gaze :  
The only flowers that never die  
Are memories of happy days.

Alas! so changed with years we grow.—  
So soon are bloom and beauty o'er,—  
We might pass by and never know  
The face that haunted us of yore.

Life's river hurries on each hour,  
And turns to new scenes evermore ;  
And leaves behind some cherished flower,  
To fade on Time's receding shore.

Time, take these crumbled flowers and sever  
The last endearing charm from me ;  
But in my heart, oh, leave forever  
The immortelles of memory !



## THE UNDERTOW.

WE gaze upon the sunlit sea,  
But cannot scan the depths below.  
Nor dream how strong its pulse may be.  
Until we feel its undertow.

We may know well a sunny face,  
But not the silent tide below :  
The inner grace we cannot trace.  
We know not what the undertow.

Our life is more than we yet see :  
There still are greater depths to know :  
The surface beautiful may be.  
But grander is the undertow.

We cannot fathom all the strife,  
The mysteries that round us flow :  
We only have a faith in life.  
We only feel the undertow.

## DRIFTING.

GENTLY flows the peaceful river,  
Smiling with the sunny day,  
While my little boat is drifting  
Calmly on its idle way.

Many hurry by me swiftly,—  
Some in pity, some in pride;  
While adown the placid waters  
I go drifting with the tide.

Time enough when rapids near me,  
Or breakers dash my barque aside,  
To seize the oars and bravely  
Through the foaming torrent ride.

But why now mar this rest so tranquil,  
Why forget this joyous day,  
Leaving flowery banks, though narrow,  
Urging for the broader way?

Let me check my course a moment,  
Let me drift awhile and dream;  
Ah! my boat may glide so slowly,  
Yet too soon be down the stream!

Careless of the shores beyond me,  
What shoals, what tempests, I must bide ;  
Knowing that the stream must bear me,  
And I cannot change the tide ;

Let me, like some trustful swimmer,  
Resting on the salty brine,  
With my eyes upon the heavens,  
Calmly on life's wave recline ;

Till a hush falls on the waters,  
And a calm breathes from the skies,  
As the western sun, descending,  
Gilds the day that slowly dies ;

And the great Sea spreads before me,  
While its fading heavens wide  
Calmly shed a parting glory  
In the golden eventide.

## HER MISSION.

SHE drew no form with matchless skill,  
She carved no sculptured bust of stone,  
She sang no song fame's voice to fill,  
Nor swept the keys with thrilling tone ;

But cast herself in finer mould :  
She finely touched the hearts of men  
To see the flower of truth unfold,  
And bloom on earthy soil again.

She came the passing crowd among,—  
It seemed to breathe diviner air ;  
Her smile disarmed the idler's tongue,  
Who turned and blessed her with a prayer.

Reflecting heaven in her face,  
Men gazed and took new heart the while ;  
Sorrow owned her kindly grace,  
And Envy dropped its frown to smile.

What matter that no special task  
Was hers amid life's toil and strife ?  
She gave earth all that Heaven could ask :  
Her presence was the bread of life.

## THE TWO SONGS.

THE sea was calm, the waves, with muffled  
    roar,

    Sang dirges in an undertone ;  
But time, unmoved, lay on the drowsy shore,  
    Nor cared to hear the surges moan.

Like words that softly breathe a fond desire,  
    But fail the heart's great depths to reach,  
Wave after wave sang, only to retire  
    Unheeded from the tranquil beach.

But ere the setting sun sank to repose  
    A gale swept o'er the swelling sea,  
And mountain high the crested breakers rose  
    And sang their grandest melody !

And time now brightened with the foaming  
    surge,  
And heard with thrilling pulse once more  
The long-resounding breaker's song and dirge  
    That rang upon the wild, wild shore !

So, thrilling words and melodies sublime  
Roll from the flood of years passed o'er ;  
Borne like a surge upon the shores of time,  
To ring in memory evermore !

---

### A SONG OF LOVE.

SHE swept the sweet chords with a tremulous  
tone,

And thrilled all my soul with the strain,  
As it rose with the promise of infinite bliss,  
And sighed out its burden of pain.

“Forever,” she sang, “the heart, like the sea,—  
Breathing a song that will never be stilled,—  
Restlessly yearns for a love not to be,  
With a longing that will never be filled.

“Oh, love, why do you come with a rapturous  
kiss,  
And wound me with promises vain ?  
Why, with the key-note of infinite bliss,  
Comes the burden of infinite pain ?”

## SEA DREAMS.

'Tis a beautiful day, and the ships far away  
Sail over the sea till they vanish from me;  
And the waves seem to say, Oh, dream while  
you may,  
While the springtide of youth overflows like  
the sea.

Some one by my side is watching the tide  
And the white-caps that roll from the far-  
away blue;  
In sweet silence I bide, while the glad moments  
glide,  
And love breathes a dream that hope would  
prove true.

Ah, so sweet here to rest, with the one I love  
best,  
While the surges roll high and the cool  
breezes blow;  
Till the orb in the west sinks slowly to rest,  
And sheds its sweet calm on the waters below.

34    ONCE A FRIEND, A FRIEND FOREVER.

Life flows on complete like the day full and  
sweet ;

Joy swells every shore of being's strange sea ;  
And but comes one regret, that the day now  
to set

Must so soon with its beauty vanish from me.

Oh, beautiful day, how fain would I stay

The lingering rays on thy gold-gleaming  
shore !

But the hours speed away like the waves that  
to-day

Roll from their depths to return nevermore.

---

ONCE A FRIEND, A FRIEND FOR-  
EVER.

ONCE thou wert happy by my side,

Now oceans roll our path between,

And fate has sundered far and wide .

The hope, the love that might have been.



Still, something lives time cannot sever,  
 And from its volume, old and gray,—  
 Remembering a happier day,—  
 I turn the faded leaves and say,  
 Once a friend, a friend forever.

Bound with my life inseparable  
 Are happy days once spent with you ;  
 And though the loss be now irreparable,  
 And friendships old give place to new,  
 Why should a careless word dis sever  
 The sweet remembrance of the true?  
 No, no ! my heart still follows you,  
 Where'er you roam 'neath heaven's blue ;  
 Once my friend, my friend forever !

Your picture hangs upon the wall  
 Just as of old, and fair to view ;  
 So, through time's flight and changes all,  
 Lives something still unchanged to you.  
 Live with my past ! may memory never  
 Lose all the bloom and save the thorn,  
 Nor from divided heart be torn  
 The flower of friendship, which, once worn,  
 May leave its fragrance there forever.

## WINTER'S ROSES.

Lo ! a window filled with roses  
Beams upon the snow-clad street ;  
And my eye with joy reposes  
On the loveliness I meet ;  
Whilst the wintry breezes blow,  
And around me falls the snow.

But what roses charm my gaze  
With an ever-hardy bloom,  
Cheer the streets on cheerless days,  
Sending sunshine through the gloom !  
Whilst the wintry winds that blow  
Give their cheeks a rosier glow.

O sweet roses, in your prime,  
Cherish youth before it's past !  
Wait not till the touch of time  
Robs you of your bloom at last ;  
Shed your fragrance now upon  
Friends who live when beauty's gone !

## IN THE GARDEN OF GOD.

I TRAMPLED down a little flower  
One day, in idle sport and mirth ;  
But its ashes held a secret power,—  
Another bloomed and blessed the earth.

I cast aside a heavy stone,  
But knew not then the ore I rolled ;  
And cursed the dust, as I walked alone,  
Unconscious of its hidden gold.

I shouted on the evening breeze,—  
I marred the calm and sacred air ;  
It breathed in cadence through the trees,  
And held me captive unaware.

Truth came to me with air divine,  
But I mocked her form and features fine ;  
Till her face, transfigured in the light,  
Assumed new splendor in my sight.

I saw the Keeper, and He said,  
Go where you like, do what you will ;  
The truth will hover o'er your head,  
The earth will bloom in beauty still.

## THE LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

THE shades of night fall on my way,  
And darkness holds its gloomy sway,  
While spectres strange my vision greet,  
And graves lie open at my feet;  
The chilling winds against my face  
Enfold me in their cold embrace;  
Doubt and despair close at my heel,—  
What hope, what pleasure can I feel,  
While through this tangled maze alone  
I tread my way with heart of stone?

A gentle voice falls on my ear,—  
Love cries, "Take heart, for I am here!  
I am the sun that lights the soul,—  
Earth's central fire that warms the whole;  
I keep the life that heaven instils  
Firm as the everlasting hills:  
The sun, the warmth, the light, the fire,  
I give the zest to all desire.  
Come, take my hand, and thou shalt see  
That heaven itself must lean on me."

## A LESSON FROM THE BROOK.

A BROOK ran merrily down the mountain-side  
As free and careless as a wayward child,  
Until a rock debarred its rushing tide  
And backward hurled its restless waters wild.

But still the brook pursued its winding way,  
And only paused to shed a passing foam,  
As on the stubborn rock it dashed its spray,  
And hurried swiftly from its mountain home.

And still, unmindful in its idle bed,  
The rock slept on through centuries untold,  
Whilst evermore upon its helpless head  
The sandy torrent and the pebbles rolled.

The years have passed; and now those waters  
flow  
In silence o'er the head of fallen pride;  
For on the sand the wave-worn rock lies low,—  
A remnant 'neath the ever-moving tide!

So lowly merit carves its rugged way,  
And passes o'er each barrier of time ;  
So patience smooths the road, day after day,  
Till silent perseverance grows sublime.

---

## MY IDEAL.

O LOVELY spirit, form divine !  
Though I may never see  
Thy face by day, I'll not repine  
If night brings dreams of thee.

Like some sweet song, some far-off swell  
That charms a moment rare,  
Thy phantom presence throws its spell  
And melts upon the air.

Then lovely spirit, form divine,  
Still disembodied be ;  
Day mars the heart that would be thine ;  
Come in my dreams to me !

## LONGING.

LIKE a restless sea, whose surges  
    Would kiss the vaulted skies,  
My longing heart leaps upward  
    Only to fall with baffled cries.

Yearning with restless endeavor  
    And hopes alluring and vain,  
Soaring with passion to heaven,  
    And falling in passionate pain.

Streams of life pouring within me  
    Like the rivers that run to the sea;  
Still, like the sea, yearning, unsated,  
    Unrest takes possession of me.

Oh, love, come with thy fulness of spirit  
    Filling the void existing in me,  
Till my life, like a wave universal,  
    Laps every shore of life's infinite sea.

## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

STAND not on the banks bewailing  
That the stream flows not thy way ;  
All thy grief is unavailing,—  
This is the tide that serves to-day.

“Nay, the current stern defying,  
Still the waters roar and rage ;  
Give us back the faith undying  
Of our fathers’ golden age.”

Vain thy backward stroke and struggle,  
While the tide, resisting thee,  
Casts its spray and breaks the bubble,  
And every drop will reach the sea.

“Nay, but Error’s shoal’s ahead ;  
And, where lights that once beamed true,  
Beacons strange now shine instead,  
And truth is lost to view.”



Nay, this is the stream of truth,  
And its current evermore  
Sweeps aside and leaves in ruth  
Error's driftwood on the shore.

Then, sweep onward, mighty river,  
With thy good and evil powers ;  
Lo ! thy course is from the Giver,  
And in higher hands than ours.

---

## THE CUP OF LIFE.

A COOLING drink may quench the thirst,  
A night of slumber rest the brain,  
A little food may hunger still,  
A balm may ease the throb of pain.

But who drinks life's cup will ne'er be full,  
Nor can the baffled thought find rest ;  
The longing heart will ne'er cease to crave,  
Nor the mind be eased of its endless quest.

## VOICES OF NATURE.

COME, though fortune close her gates to thee,  
And fame refuse thy proffered name obscure ;  
Come where the portals swing forever free,  
And mansions rise whose beauty shall endure.

The forest monarchs,—pillars of a race  
That wreath with green the vault of heaven's  
blue,—  
From heights serene, breathe down a quiet grace :  
A sigh, a song, perhaps a word for you.

By roaring cataract and silent dell,  
By rocky gorge and tuneful ocean's strand,  
There voices breathe what volumes cannot tell,  
There is the wealth cast by the Master's hand !

No lowly flower that you pass heedless by,  
No moaning pine nor merry bird that sings,  
But woos your yearning heart's despondency  
And courts the slumbering love of purer  
things.

And yet his glowing touch unheeded dies,  
His music falls unheard on drowsy ears ;  
The tuneless chords within give no replies,  
Like slackened strings unmoved by joy or  
tears.

Then sing, strange voices by the sounding shore,  
Where ocean's heaving surge is ceaseless  
strewn,—  
Roll out in mournful dirges evermore  
That something in man's life is out of tune !

---

### THE COMMON BOND.

You may soar to heights elysian,  
And think beyond the common ken,  
But the lowly crowd has claims on you  
To be a man among men.

Dream of a life without the world,  
But know the bond that binds you when  
You kindly take each proffered hand,  
And be a man among men.

## AFTER THE STORM.

COLD, cold, and desolate the bleak earth lies,  
And the sea grows dark while the sullen skies

Outpour

Their watery floods, and the wild winds urge  
The maddened sea with its foaming surge

To the shore.

And my heart grows weary with the sad refrain  
Of the dying waves repeating one strain

O'er and o'er.

But a cheering gleam illumines the west,  
And behold, on the billows' far-off crest

Sunbeams pour !

Then, crowning all the glorious view,  
The bow of heaven spans the skies clear blue

As of yore ;

And brighter rolls the crested surge,  
But changeless rings the song and dirge

On the shore.

So life, like a wave, in sunshine or rain,  
Is borne from the depths of the limitless main  
    To the shore ;  
And its mists may veil heaven, yet hold to our  
    eyes  
The bright arch of hope on the eternal skies  
    Evermore.

---

## ESTRANGED.

HER heart has changed, while mine, the same,  
Is constant as the yearning sea,  
Yet sinks to watch the dying flame  
    That cheered and warmed the heart of me.

Love was the bond between us twain,  
And love possessed the magic key ;  
But some link in the golden chain  
    Has parted life and love for me !

I censure not the heart estranged,—  
Love may be firm, but must be free ;  
I only sigh to think when changed,  
    She changed,—she changed the world for me !

## “ALL’S WELL!”

Lo ! I walk beside the river,  
While the stars shine in the sky,  
And the moonbeams gently quiver  
On the waters flowing by.

And the great ships lie before me,  
Calmly sleeping on the tide ;  
And a peacefulness comes o’er me  
That I wish would long abide.

Hark ! far o’er the waters stealing,  
Faintly sounds a distant bell,  
And a voice stirs all my feeling  
As it answers back, “All’s well !”

And the peace of nature fills me,  
And the chords within that swell  
Echo, whilst that greeting thrills me,  
Heaven’s watchword,—“All is well !”

## NEGLECTED.

A VIOLET by the roadside grew  
Unnoticed and alone,  
Among the wild flowers basking there,  
Beside a mossy stone.

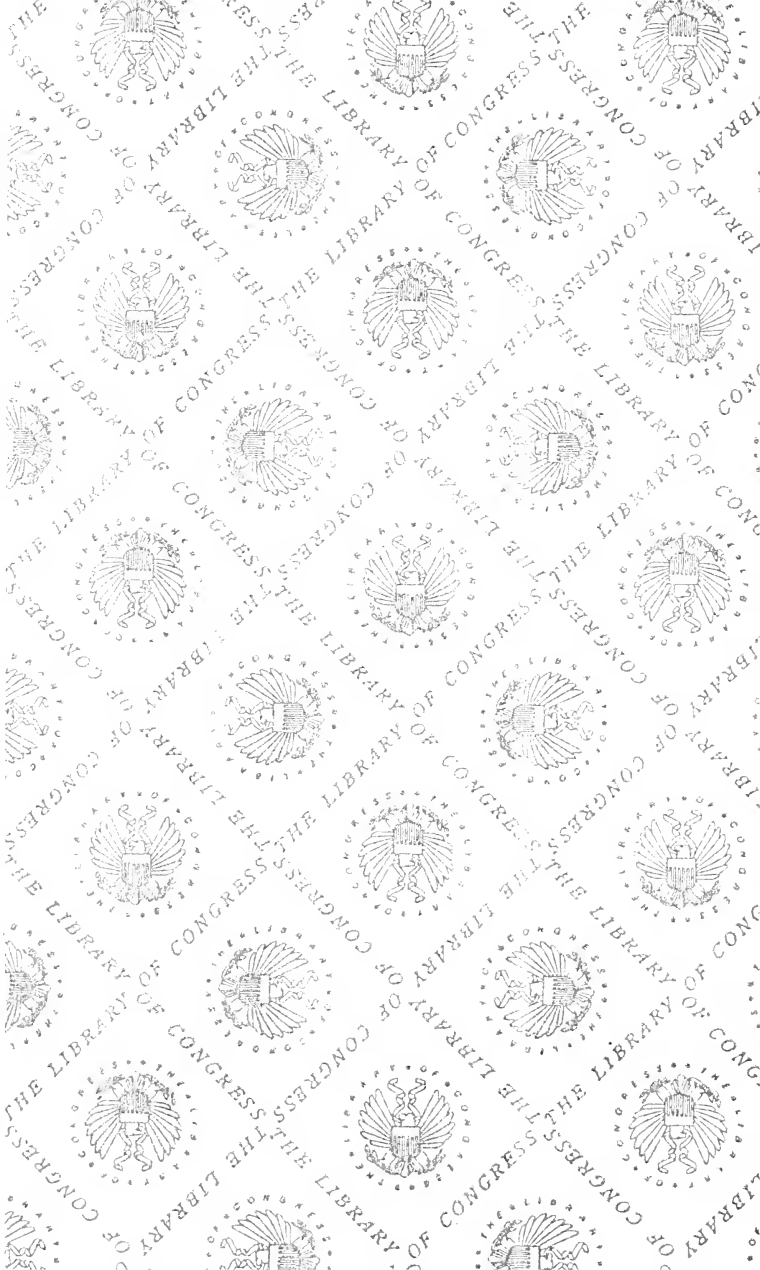
What hurt it that the passers-by  
No kindly glances threw,  
Still smiled the sun, and from the sky  
Still came the freshening dew.

So, scorned by pride of place or birth,  
The truth may lowly lie,  
Yet feel the warmth born not of earth,  
And let the world pass by.











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